

The true Lovers Ioy :

O R,
The Reward of Constancy

BEING,

An Amorous Dialogue between a Seaman and his Love:

The Maid implores the aid of Charon's Boat,
That to the gloomy shades her soul might float;
With sighs and groans, much weary and oprest,
At length he heard her moan, and gave her rest
From all past dangers, and from future harms,
She safe arriv'd, and anchor'd in his arms.
To a New Tune, much in Request.



Maid.

Hark Charon, come away,
bring forth thy Boat and Oars,
And carry me poor harmless Maid
unto the Elizium Shoars.

Charon.

Altho calls Charon in hast,
whilst I sit here in pain
I carry none but pure and chaste,
such as true Love hath rais'd.

I come dear soul I come,
thy face doth so incharm me,
Come in my Boat and take thy room,
neither wind nor wate shall harm thee.

Maid.

Now I am come in thy Boat,
I am a Maid undone,
Sighing my heart is almost break,
for my Love he is from me gone.

Thus as I pass the Waves,
I'll tell you a mournful tale,
So full of sighs as we do passe,
shall serve us for a gale.

And so beguile the time,
I'll sing you a true Loves song;
Mine eyes shall show a Sea of tears
to carry the Boat along.

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The Maid implores the aid of Charon's Boat,
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At length he heard her moan, and gave her rest
From all past dangers, and from future harms,
She safe arriv'd, and anchor'd in his arms.
To a New Tune, much in Request.



Maid.

Hark Charon, come away,
bring forth thy Boat and Oars,
And carry me poor harmless Maid
unto the Elizium Shoars.

Charon.

Altho calls Charon in vain,
whilst I sit here in pain
I carry none but pure and chaste,
such as true Love hath made.

I come dear soul I come,
thy face doth so incharm me,
Come in my Boat and take thy room,
neither wind nor wave shall harm thee.

Maid.

Now I am come in thy Boat,
I am a Maid undone,
Sighing my heart is almost break,
for my Love he is from me gone.

Thus as I pass the Waves,
I'll tell you a mournful tale,
So full of sighs as we do pass,
shall serve us for a gale.

And so beguile the time,
I'll sing you a true Loves song;
Mine eyes shall show a Sea of tears
to carry the Boat along.



VVhat's become of those hard hearts,
of a Virgin takes no pity,

They're sailing to Virginny parts,
where Neptune hath built a City.

Oh Cupid hath wounded me,
and hath pierc'd my tender heart,
To call for one whom I lov'd so dear,
who cares but little for't.

Thus in the Shades below,
we'll waste the tedious hours,
No gusts of winds, but sighs shall blow,
the Boat with Charons Oars.

His Answer.

Stay gentle Charon stay,
and let thy Boat alone,
How not the harmless maid along
that sits and makes her moan.

For she that calls so fast,
and sighs so at thy Ray,
A Virgin is no pure and chaste,
as e're true Love did say.

She's no dear soul for thee,
let not her face in harm thee;
Though room within thy Boat there be,
her beauty there may harm thee.

O fair one, if you go,
I'm more undone than you,
My heart both equal sorrow knows,
and still my Love is true.

The Shades you must not pass,
nor mournful stories tell
Instead of sighing gales, alas!
a kiss will do as well.

You'd better stay above,
and sing us a true Loves song.

There's less than enough he needs no more,
to carry his Boat along.

No heart so hard I know,
but would gladly ease your pain,
Else let him to Virginny go,
and never return again.

If Cupid hath wounded you,
he had wounded me before,
If you love as you say you do,
I love you as much or more.

In Beds of softest Down,
we'll spend the short liv'd nights,
No gusts of wind or sighs shall drown
the current of our delights.

Maid.

Come gentle Charon come,
and me to shore remove,
The wind despairing sighs did blow,
shall waite me unto my Love.

How slow the Boats-man steers,
if he no faster ply,
My Love to rid me of my fears,
shall lend me his wings to fly.

To thee dear Love I float,
finding thee just and true.
And bid to Charon and his Boat,
eternally adieu.

Haste haste, make haste my Dear,
for if thou longer stay,
Though the floods without all fear,
my Arms shall make their way.

Welcome my Love to shore
I'll keep thee now from harms,
And thou shalt rise forever more,
at Riches in my Arms.

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